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**sometimes recorded as Canarda or Kennedy*

Preface

"In one sense there is no death. The life of a soul on earth lasts beyond his departure. You always feel that life touching yours, that voice speaking to you, that spirit looking out of other eyes, talking to you in the familiar things he touched, worked with, loved as familiar friends. He lives on in your life and in the lives of all others that knew him."

By Angelo Patri

As we prepare this book we think of two reasons for doing so -- that we may feel close to those that we knew and remember their lives, and that we may learn of and appreciate the lives of those that passed on before we knew them. All of them have had a great influence in our lives, touched our hearts in many ways, and been great examples to us. If they had weaknesses we accept those and minimize them. We emphasize and learn from their strengths, good deeds, and their contributions to our lives.

President Gordon B. Hinckley said,

"It is good to look to the past to gain appreciation for the present and perspective for the future. It is good to look upon the virtues of those who have gone before, to gain strength for whatever lies ahead. It is good to reflect upon the work of those who labored so hard and gained so little in this world, but out of whose dreams and early plans, so well nurtured, has come a great harvest of which we are the beneficiaries. Their tremendous example can become a compelling motivation for us all, for each of us is a pioneer in his own life, often in his own family, and many of us pioneer daily in trying to establish a gospel foothold in distant parts of the world."

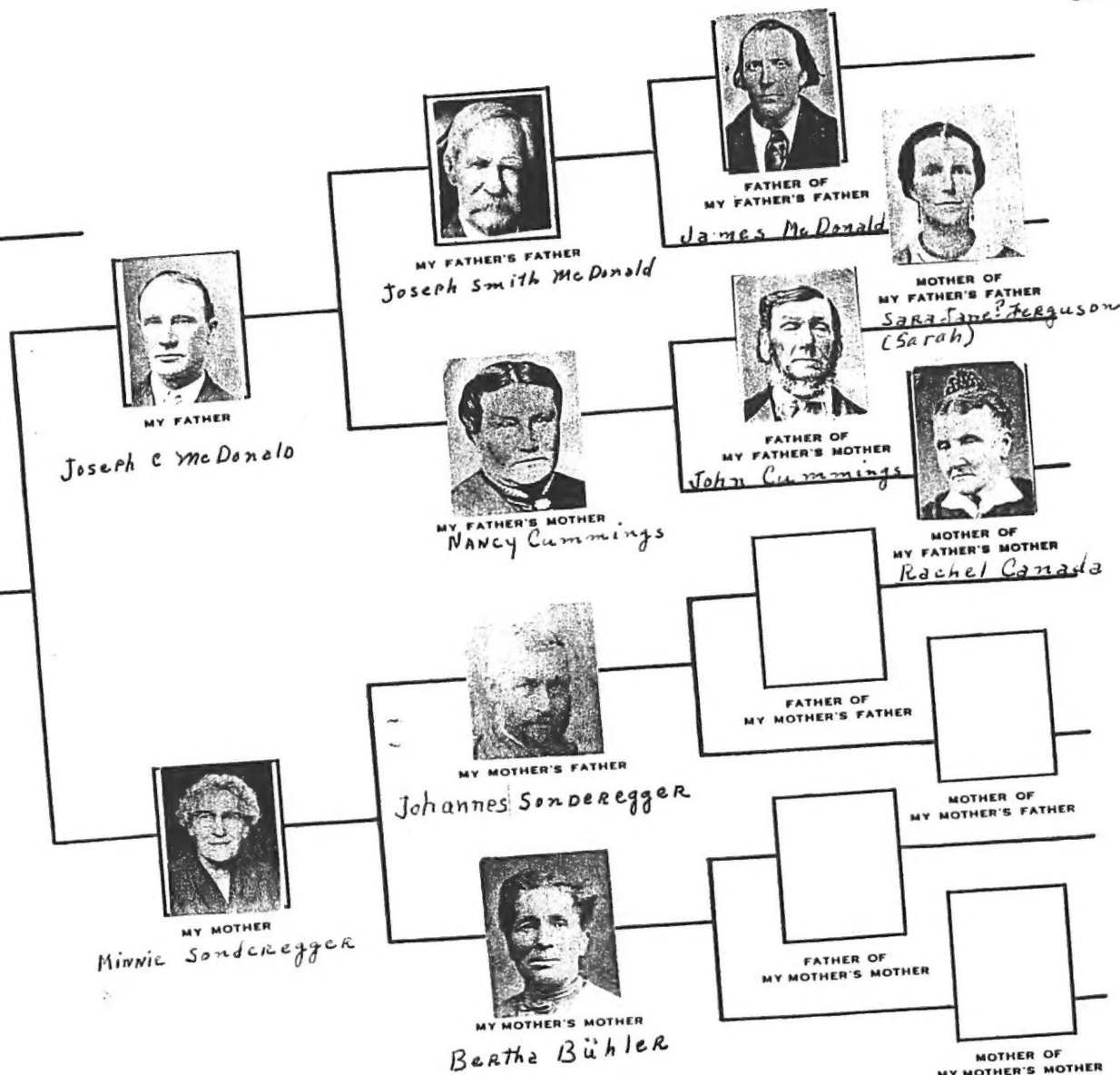
Special Thanks

*To our sister Leah McDonald Houtz.
Leah has spent untold hours, effort, and money
on family history and shared it most generously.*

OTHER PROGENITORS

PORTRAIT PEDIGREE OF THE PROGENITORS OF

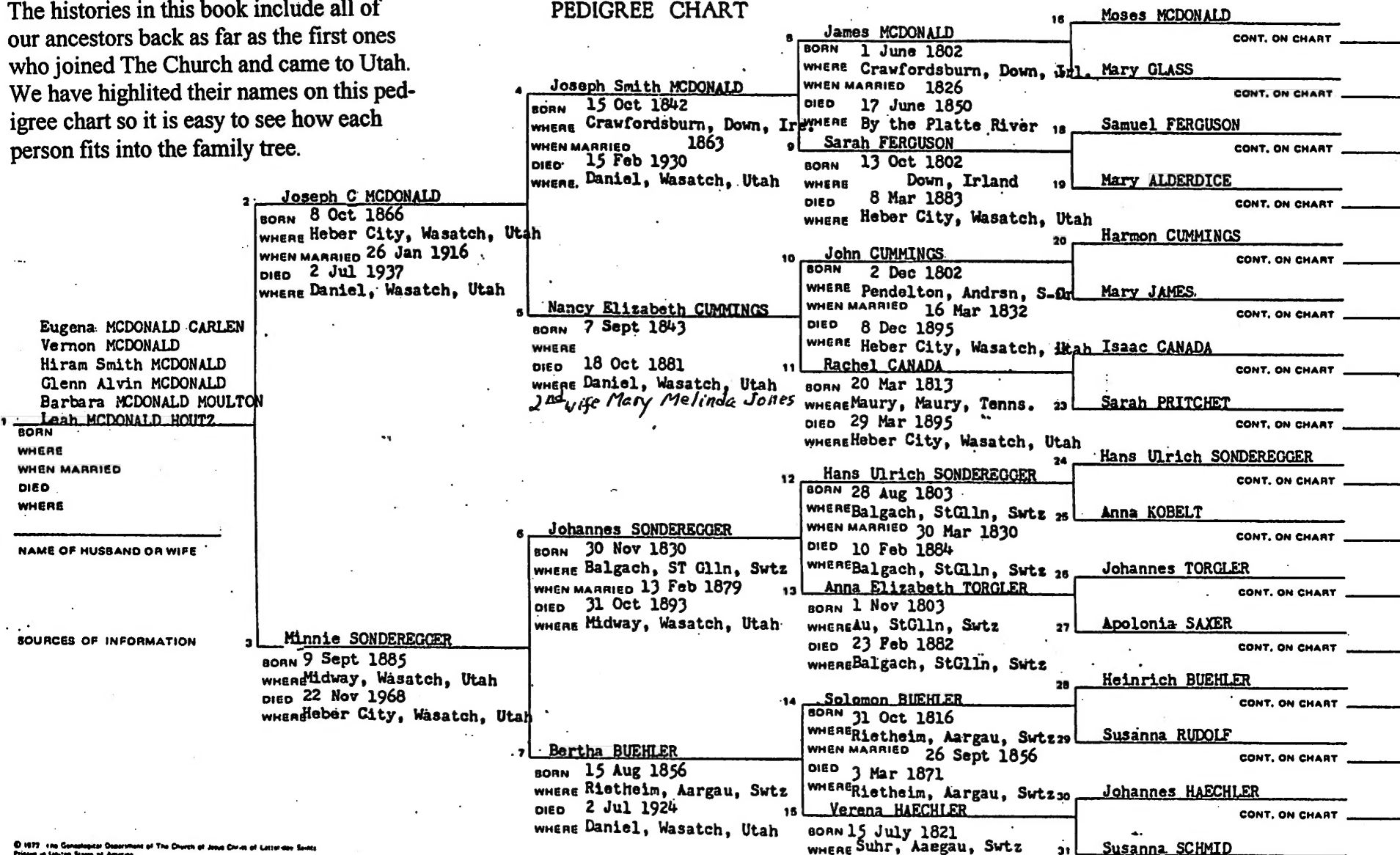
MYSELF



The histories in this book include all of our ancestors back as far as the first ones who joined The Church and came to Utah. We have highlighted their names on this pedigree chart so it is easy to see how each person fits into the family tree.

PEDIGREE CHART

CHART NO. _____



*History
of
Joseph C McDonald*



Joseph C McDonald -- "a man of honor"

*Compiled and edited by
Hiram and Anne Rasband McDonald*

*History
of
Joseph C McDonald*



Joseph C McDonald -- "a man of honor"

*Compiled and edited by
Hiram and Anne Rasband McDonald*

JOSEPH C. MC DONALD -- A DEAR FATHER
Memories by his son, Hiram S. McDonald

*"There was not a chink in his armor."
"There was no guile in his soul."
"There was not a flaw in his character."*

And so it was with my father, Joseph C. McDonald. Though those words were said about someone else, they fitted perfectly the life and character of this beloved man. If he had a fault, it was that he was so generous to others with his time and equipment that some took advantage of him.

Joe McDonald, or "Buzzy" as he was frequently and fondly called, never sought public office. He never sat on a school board. He was a farmer all his life. Yet his influence for good has trickled down through the years.

I remember Dad from my earliest years, when we all called him Papa. He was 59 years old when I was born to my dear mother, Minnie Sonderegger Witt McDonald, who was 19 years younger than Dad. Our two lives, as of this date (December, 1993), have spanned 127 years. He died in 1937 when I was only 12.

Yet I see him still, and those memories change with the seasons. In the springtime I can see him behind a team of horses on the sulky plow turning over the dark, rock-strewn soil on our farm in Daniel. And in summer there he is, he and Vernon pitching hay onto the wagon while Barbara and I tromped it so we could take it off with a Jackson fork. Or irrigating the land with his big boots on, patiently dragging dams around the ditches to turn the water out onto the thirsty alfalfa or grain.

And in the fall I am following along behind him, picking up potatoes from the ground as he turns over a furrow with the horses and plow. Or picking apples in our big orchard to sell in town or -- what happened more frequently - to give away to the neighbors.

In winter I see him again, this time sawing big blocks of ice from the ice pond at the Heber grist mill and hauling it home on the horse-drawn sleigh to store in our sawdust shed for the summer. Or making big freezers full of ice cream to deliver by sleigh on Washington's birthday around the Daniel Ward. He loved to delight others with his own brand of service projects.

Dad was not a tall man. I would guess he was about 5 ft. 9 in. tall, rather portly (190 pounds or so), with a round face and thin hair on top that he combed over his bald spot. Except for the hair, I think he looked much like my brother Vernon. He always wore wire-rimmed glasses, and bib overalls to work in. On Sunday he dressed up in his best suit. He had a gold watch with a silver chain and small knife that he wore across his stomach as they did in those days. And he was not only generous, but very patient.

He loved the Church. He was bishop of the Daniel Ward for 13 years, and in the bishopric for 26 years. Because he sang it so many times, I always thought that the song "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" must be his favorite. But he sang many different Church songs. And he always practiced what he preached about being kind and loving to others and to forgive your neighbor.

His forgiveness must have been a little difficult for him on occasion. I remember

something had angered our neighbor, Amy Nunley, and she came over swearing and yelling at Dad. She picked up a big stick in the yard to hit Dad over the head, and fortunately Vern grabbed it just in time to save him from a bad whack on the head. It was the only time I ever remember anyone being angry at Dad.

What made him nearest and dearest to me -- as I'm sure it did to my other five siblings -- was the unique opportunity on the farm always to be working with him. Yes, I did my share of complaining about how hard the work was, and how I hated to herd cows even though Old Ring, our Collie dog, did most of the work.

But our growing-up years were made golden because of the influence of this good man and our wonderful mother. I was a grown man in the Army before I found out that a lot of people had gone through unhappy childhoods.

In my very earliest years, I remember how he loved the Christmas season. On Christmas morning he liked to yell up the steep stairway to the children above: "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" We knew it was time to get up to see what Santa had brought. And though the gifts were few in those depression years of the 1930s, our hearts were always aglow. There was always a stocking full of candy and nuts with an orange or a pomegranate in the bottom -- a rare treat.

I'll never forget the year we followed Santa's trail down the long front walk to his sleigh out front. It was easy to follow, because he had torn a hole in his sack and candy was dropped along the path. Barbara remembers that a rocking chair near the door was tipped over and the door left slightly ajar as Santa made a hasty exit after presumably hearing one of us children.

Or the year Dad got a lump of coal and a stick of wood in his stocking because, he said, he hadn't been very good that year.

The only time I ever remember him chastising me was when Barbara and I were supposed to be picking apples and we had played in the orchard for perhaps a couple of hours instead. He carried a little dry stick with him and gave us each a whack with it, which wounded my feelings far more than it ever hurt my body. I think the stick broke the first time he used it.

Two of my dearest memories of Dad were the year I helped snake out the dry trees for our winter wood in Strawberry Valley, and the year I helped him drive four or five head of cattle up Daniel Canyon onto the forest land.

As to the first, I was perhaps about 10 or 11 years old when I drove our team of horses and wagon clear up Daniel Canyon and out to the turnoff in Strawberry Valley, about 30 miles. I was all alone except for our faithful horses.

Vernon and Dad drove the old car up to where we planned to cut the trees and drag them out to be hauled home. Vern took the car back home so he could do the chores, and Dad and I stayed three or four days to get enough wood for a wagon load. Dad would cut the trees and fasten the drag chain around them, and I would haul them down the hill to our gathering-place.

One morning when I woke up it was snowing heavily and there was snow all over our bed, which was in the outdoors with no tent. Dad was up cooking breakfast, and I have never smelled bacon and eggs so tantalizing in my life. I was fearful we wouldn't be able to get out for the snow. But lo and behold, a little while later we heard the car coming and Vern was there to haul us home. We let the horses loose and I guess

they either came home or we found them later because we ultimately recovered them. When I was perhaps 11 Dad decided to drive some cattle up into the hills. He and I both had horses, and every little way one or two of the cattle would try to break back toward home. It kept us busy just keeping them headed up into the canyon. We drove them far up a canyon onto the mountains above Daniel Canyon, on the south side of the highway.

When it started getting dark, I wondered how we would ever get off the mountain. But if there was ever any hint of concern in my father's voice, I never detected it. We had to bring the horses down such a steep mountain that we had to lead them most of the way as they slid down on their rumps. Why neither of us was run over and hurt I'll never know. We got most of the way down when we ran into a ledge and had to find a way around it in the dark.

By the time we got down to the little stream in the canyon, it must have been near midnight and totally black -- not even a moon. We tied up the horses, took off the saddles and walked across the road to a rock shale slide. We were so tired we both laid down and went fast asleep. Fortunately a truck driver for Ashton's Lumber came down the canyon, saw us asleep and stopped for us. He took us as far as the "Y" -- the fork where the Provo Canyon and the Daniel Canyon roads meet. We walked the last mile home, arriving there about 1:30 or 2 a.m. The house lights were on and Mother was up pacing the floor, worried about where we were.

Also keen in my memory is the time my father and mother took me to Salt Lake City to April conference. It must have been after I finished sixth grade. I had scored the highest in the county on a standardized test that year, and Dad told some people at conference that I was the smartest kid in the county. That certainly made me feel proud and important. I remember we stayed at the home of one of Dad's nieces on Driggs Avenue, and we rode the electric street cars to get to and from the conference.

In my growing-up years we had a dairy farm and delivered milk in Heber. Dad bought an old milk buggy that could be pulled by either one or two horses depending on which shaft was on the buggy. On the side he had an artist paint: "McDonald's Jersey Milk and Cream." We would drive the buggy all around town delivering milk. Fortunately I was not yet old enough to feel ashamed of that old buggy, as some of my older siblings were. And I still have fond memories of it. Later we peddled milk in our old green Oldsmobile.

He had great pride in his Jersey cows. Each fall we would polish up the cows' horns with a piece of sharp broken glass, curry them carefully, clean them all up and take them to the fair. He had many, many ribbons to show for those efforts. It's interesting that one of his chief competitors, J. Sylvan Rasband, became my father-in-law when I married his youngest daughter, Anne.

Sylvan told me a story once about Dad. He said he came out to help give the cows their shots for Brucellosis. The cows were in their stanchions, and when he stepped up to the first cow and gave her a shot, she bellowed and jumped right through the stanchion. He stepped up to the second cow and the same thing happened. Dad grinned and said, "I was fixing those stanchions one day when Minnie called me to dinner." I guess he forgot to finish the job.

There was also the time he was going to Provo to buy Mother a washer. When he

got there he visited one of his friends and found a purebred Jersey bull calf for sale. He used the money for the washer and bought the calf. Mother always said that her washer had turned into a bull calf.

Dad had a quarter-interest in one bull that had killed a man in Heber. The bull was a big brute of an animal, and as mean as they come. None of the other partners would keep him, so Dad built a big sturdy double-pole fence to keep him penned up. That bull would bellow and paw the earth so ferociously that you could hear him all over the neighborhood. Mother became so concerned that she finally talked Dad into having the bull killed.

When they shot the bull, it scared our dog Old Ring so badly he jumped up on the front door and knocked it open and came inside. It was the only time I ever remember that Mother let him stay indoors. Just days after the bull was killed, our little niece JoAnne Witt who was only about two years old at the time climbed between two poles into the bullpen.

One time Dad took Glenn to town with him. He had to crank the car to get it started, and left Glenn in the driver's seat. Somehow Glenn put the car in gear and when the car started it jumped up over the curb and ran into the side of a store. He was only 2 ½ or 3 years old, and he remembered people gathering around to see who the driver was. Fortunately Dad jumped out of the way when the car started.

There's also the time Dad and Mother and Eugena had gone to Provo in the car. They started up Provo Canyon after dark, and about halfway up Dad missed a turn and went over the embankment. Mother screamed all the way down the hill until they ended up in a farmer's corral. When the farmer found them the next morning, he said several cars had come over the bank, but Dad's was the only one that had remained upright. We were glad to get our parents back after that episode.

One of the happiest celebrations I can remember is the 20th wedding anniversary of my parents on Jan. 25, 1936. Two days later I would have been 11 years old, and it was only 1 ½ years before Dad died. I still have my personal engraved invitation addressed in Mother's handwriting. Everyone in the Daniel Ward must have been invited and the house was packed with people, all having a wonderful time. The crowd seemed to fill the whole house, and the event was a fitting tribute to two much-loved members of the ward.

In my early years Dad rented a pasture just north of Heber. It had a big old slough in it and the cows were always wandering out in the slough. We would have to wash off the cows' udders each time we milked them. Some of us children always used to jump on a cow's back to get across the stream that wended its way down through the pasture. They were as gentle as the horses, provided you picked the right cow.

Then later he rented a pasture down west of Heber. We reached it by passing the old race track in Heber, went west until we hit the road to Charleston off the Midway Lane road, and continued on about another block or two. It was there Dad taught me how to drive the old car when I was only eight years old -- after much coaxing on my part. The first time I tried I was looking down at the gear shift trying to shift when I started to drive off the road. Dad caught it just in time.

The depression of the 1930s was very hard on Dad. For one thing, our herd of cows got Brucellosis, which was rampant in the county. We had to sell or dispose of

several cows. I remember we got \$100 for some three or four cows, and I thought that was a lot of money. Mother and Dad soon set me straight.

With part of the money they bought an electric light meter for the old wash house building, which sat behind our house. It was formerly owned by Clifford, one of Dad's sons by his first wife. When Clifford and Delores built their new house, Dad bought the old house and had it dragged by Caterpillar from upper Daniel to its resting place behind the house. I must have been only three or four years old when that occurred, but I distinctly remember it.

Also, there was a serious drought during the early 1930s. As a result, crops were very poor. In about 1933, I remember Dad wrote on the granary wall that he had harvested so many bushels of barley and so many of wheat. "It was a hard year to make ends meet," he commented.

Dad was born Oct. 8, 1866 to Joseph Smith McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings, the second of seven children. I barely remember him mentioning anything about his childhood. I do remember Grandfather and my step-Grandmother McDonald, who lived in a house over on what we called "the corner" -- the place where the Daniel road from Heber and the church house road running east and west intersected. Grandpa was either blind or nearly blind when he died while I was a small boy. I have very few memories of either him or my step-grandmother.

Dad was baptized on Aug. 27, 1876, by Samuel J. Wing. He was rebaptized on Nov. 19, 1881. It was a fairly common practice in the early days of the Church to be baptized more than once.

He married Mary Elizabeth Giles on Feb. 22, 1886, at the age of 19. According to records obtained by our sister Leah, he moved to Buysville -- later named Daniel -- on Feb. 4, 1899, with his wife Mary and children Clarence, Giles, Paul and Cora. Cora was then only two years old.

Dad built the brick home in 1900, according to Wasatch County Courthouse records. This was the home we all remembered as our childhood home -- roomy and comfortable.

He was endowed Oct. 25, 1893, and was sealed to Mary Elizabeth that day. Later, on May 18, 1898, Dad was sealed to his parents with his step-mother, Mary Malinda Jones McDonald, standing as proxy for Nancy Elizabeth Cummings. Clarence and Giles were also sealed to Dad and Mary Elizabeth Giles that day. Three wagon-loads of people went to the Salt Lake Temple that day.

Dad was chosen as second counselor to Bishop Patrick McGuire on May 10, 1903, when the Daniel and Buysville wards were joined under the direction of Apostles Rudger Clawson and Hyrum M. Smith, with the stake presidency. The new ward was named after Daniel H. Wells on suggestion of Apostle Clawson, made at the recent stake conference. William Bell was chosen as first counselor.

Dad was ordained a High Priest on May 10, 1903, by William H. Smart.

The year 1916 was a big year for Dad. He married my mother, Minnie Sonderegger Witt, on Jan. 26, 1916. Then on July 30 he was named bishop of the ward and set apart by George Albert Smith, later president of the Church. He selected Joseph Orgill and Zed Bethers as his counselors. He served as a counselor in the bishopric for 13 years, then as bishop for 13 years.

Records are not clear just when he was released, but it was about 1929. Leah's research shows that Dad did most of the ordaining until April 29, 1928. Then the records for 1929 list Joseph Orgill as bishop. All these records were gathered by Leah McDonald Houtz, who did a tremendous amount of genealogical work on our ancestors.

Dad was not just a farmer, but a very successful and hard-working one. It must have been when I was but a small boy that he mortgaged his farm heavily to buy what became known as the Lehi Farm for his sons from his first marriage. He even wanted to mortgage the five acres with the house and barn and outbuildings on it, but Mother wouldn't let him -- despite much intimidation by the bank. We all bless her for that. He lost all his mortgaged land when the payments fell behind on the Lehi Farm. It was a crushing blow.

Later he bought the 29 acres adjoining the house on the south, and that was the land we farmed when I was a boy.

I remember so clearly the events leading up to Dad's death. I came down the stairs one morning and Dad was still in bed -- an unusual occurrence. He called me in and told me to go get some liniment from Mother. When I asked Mother for the liniment, I could see she was immediately alarmed. She went into the bedroom to find out what it was for. Dad said he wanted to rub his arm with it because he had lost feeling in it.

Mother seemed to sense immediately that it was a cerebral hemorrhage, or stroke as it was commonly called. It seemed to affect mostly his arm and right side at first. Dr. Dannenberg was summoned, and he confirmed that it was indeed a stroke. He was very blunt about the prognosis. He gave Mother very little hope that Dad would recover. And, indeed, in those days there was little that could be done medically for stroke victims, as there is today.

Sure enough, Dad languished and got steadily worse. I'm sure he must have had other strokes, because near the end he couldn't talk, only motion. Al Bethers came in one day to see him, and Dad could only motion to him.

He lapsed into very heavy breathing the last of June and first of July. We kept expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on. I asked Mother if I shouldn't be piling hay in the upper field. And she told me to go do it.

As I was turning over the windrows of dried alfalfa into piles, Barbara came up to the field. I guess I knew what it meant, but I asked her, "What's wrong?" She said, "Don't you know?" and started crying. And I knew right then that our dear father had passed away. It was July 2, 1937.

Death strikes the young very hard, especially when it's a parent. And I felt a great sorrow that our father would no longer be with us, never in this life. We would no longer hear him calling us at Christmas time, nor see him when he prayed in church with his right hand lifted to the square. We could no longer go out to milk the cows with him and feel of his jovial spirit. He was gone from our lives.

The funeral was three days later. In the interim, I remember they brought his body home in the casket and he lay in our parlor, calm and peaceful. I wondered if his spirit had already risen. And I remember Maybell Moulton and Frank Epperson singing "In the Garden" at his funeral, a number that was sung at almost every funeral in the valley at that time. It was a sad day when his body was layed away in the Heber

Cemetery on a beautiful July day that never was meant for funerals.

I learned many things from my father: honesty, virtue, hard work, the importance of family, ties to the land, a love of farm animals, a reverence for the Church and for service to others. All those were reinforced by our dear mother.

Mother always talked of her first husband, James Taylor Witt, in endearing terms. And that was easy to understand, as he was her first love. She always told us how hard it was to assume the role of step-mother to nearly-grown and grown children.

But I think she paid a wonderful compliment to Dad when Anne and I got married. She told Anne: "I hope he's as good a lover as his father was." Bless him, and may his soul rest in peace.

Joseph C McDonald and Memorial Hill

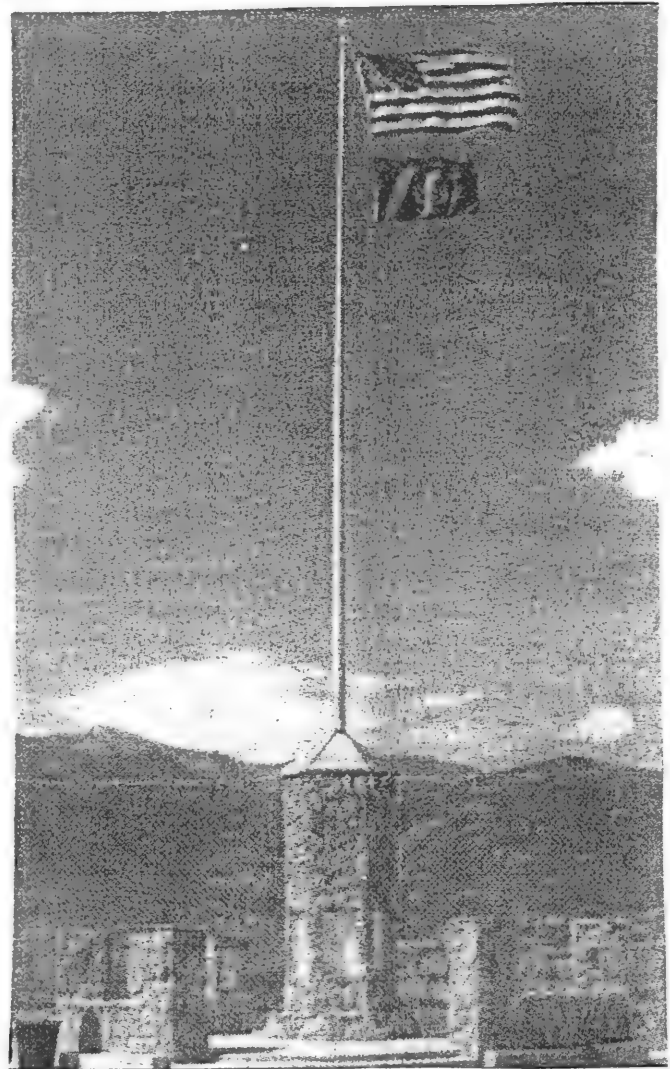
The family has always known that Joseph was deeply involved with the War Veterans Memorial on Memorial Hill in Midway, Utah. Not only did he spend much time and effort on this memorial, but now an article in the *Wasatch County Courier*, Nov. 2, 1999, authenticates the fact that he was the instigator of the memorial. A committee is being formed to renovate the memorial as the original brass plaques with the names of the war veterans were stolen and the site has fallen into a state of disrepair. The following is a brief history of the memorial taken from the *Wasatch County Courier* :

"The existing memorial on top of the hill was originally dedicated on Armistice Day in 1928. 1500 people gathered for the occasion on top of the 300 foot high hillock that is located just outside of Midway. The total cost of the original memorial was approximately \$10,000. The architect and designer was a woman by the name of Leigh Block Turner who operated a civil engineering firm in Salt Lake City

"....According to William R. Turner, the son of Leigh Block Turner the architect, the original idea to use the hill as a memorial came from Joseph C McDonald, a Local Bishop of the LDS Church. (Daniel, Utah Ward)

"After he (Joseph) talked with the Lockhart Post #23 of the American Legion, the Legion lobbied the state legislature in order to get a law passed that would allow local governments to levy a tax to raise funds to construct and maintain war memorials. The original law allowed governments to charge a one-half mill levy for this purpose.

"After the county was able to raise some funds for the memorial, they purchased the hill and the Legion began construction on a road up to the top. About one third of the way up, they encountered heavy rock that was beyond their road building capacity. Eventually, a contract was put out with a professional road building firm that completed the rest of the work."



From the top of Memorial Hill, visitors are treated to a 360 degree panoramic view of Heber Valley.

JOSEPH C MC DONALD
By Barbara McDonald Moulton

My father, Joseph C. McDonald (the "C" stood for Cummings which was his mother's maiden name) left a legacy of many wonderful traits and characteristics that each one of his many descendants would do well to follow and emulate.

He was born in Heber City, Utah Oct. 8, 1866, the second child of seven and the oldest son of Joseph Smith McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald.

He was known to many as "Buzzy." The nickname came about because -- according to our cousin, Lelia McDonald Coleman -- her father who was our father's youngest brother, Isaac, couldn't say "brother" and it came out sounding like "Buzzy."

He died when I was 10 1/2 years of age, but I have many fond memories stored up in my memory bank even for those short years.

Maybe I gained my love for the mountains and camping out in the pines partly from him, because I remember when I was quite young he took us out to Strawberry Valley to camp overnight. Mother didn't like to go out at all, but she was a good sport and went along. He thought he was doing us a big favor by carefully placing pine boughs on the ground under the pine tree before we made our beds. It was absolutely one of the worst beds I ever slept on, but I can still see him scurrying around lovingly gathering the boughs and placing them just right.

Some of my earliest recollections with him were when he would take me with him to take mother's perfectly shaped pounds of butter, bottled milk and the rich Jersey cow cream to the old Heber Exchange to trade for groceries, pay a bill or gain a little cash.

I think each one of us had a turn in the butter-making process by turning the handle by hand on the big wooden butter churn to get the cream churned to butter to just the right consistency for mother to mold it in the pound mold. She then fascinated us as we watched her give the last professional strokes of smoothing it and wrapping it with a special paper.

Of course, the milk-cream separating process was always amazing to see as mother dumped the cooled whole milk in the large top bowl of the separator, filled it, then turned the switch to start it. The milk went down through the round discs (seemed like a hundred when it came time to wash and dry them) and out of one spout at the bottom came the rich heavy cream and the other spout dispensed a bigger stream of skim milk.

When it came time for our Dad to take the products to Heber, I was very eager to go with him because I could go in the other side of the Exchange where the toys and furniture were and pick my size tricycle and ride around the store while he took care of business. I was probably four or five at the time.

He also had a home dairy products delivery route in Heber and at times he would take me along when I was about seven or eight to help run the bottled milk to the porch or doorstep of the homes.

One time as I was trying to open the gate on the picket fence on the south side of the house at First South and Main Street, I dropped the quart bottle of milk and it shattered upon impact on the cement sidewalk. When I went back to the car to tell him as he drove up from making a delivery around the corner, he wasn't distressed or angry at all, he just comforted me and had me take another bottle in to leave. What a patient man in all things!

Other early recollections through the 3-6 year age are: showing me how to hold the

end of the towel in each hand and angle the towel across my back to dry myself after my bath; sitting with him in Stake Conference on the uncomfortable wooden benches of the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle (now Heber City Municipal Office Bldg.) and playing with his pocket watch out of his vest pocket with a little pocket knife in the opposite pocket connected with a chain draped between the two. I can still see just where we were sitting - center section, about the sixth row back (but I don't remember whom the speakers were.)

At about six years of age he taught me a valuable lesson in honesty. One day as I was playing with a dime I had taken out of his suit pants in the bedroom closet Mother asked me where I got the dime. She was very observant, besides it not being too common for us to be playing around with dimes, and I told her I had found it. She didn't say anything, but a while later after I think the two of them had plotted against me, my Dad asked where I got it. When I told him the same thing he replied, "Next time you find one, come and show us and tell us where you found it, will you?" I agreed to, so needless to say I didn't "find" any more dimes where I shouldn't.

In about the six to nine age I started to get worried or embarrassed over some things like:

- Riding down Provo Canyon in the car with him, afraid he would run in the river and we would drown before we ever reached Lehi to see Cora, his daughter from his first family;

- Embarrassed as he would put the manual gear shift of the car into low, race the engine, then let up on the clutch too fast and jerk off to a quick start, leaving gravel flying and the teenage boys pointing and laughing.

- Embarrassed one time when he was the only one in the ward who would raise his arm to the square as he knelt on the little stool at the sacrament table and said the sacrament prayer.

- Embarrassed when he took us to Salt Lake City to Liberty Park and drove along what he thought was a roadway in the park, but it turned out to be a walkway that dropped off the curb at the end. I can still see the teenage boy on a bicycle gawking around in anticipation of what was going to happen at the curb. The ensuing jolt brought us all to the quick realization that it was not a roadway like he insisted it was.

And now I am embarrassed to think I was embarrassed at such trivial things about my dear dad -- maybe that's a sign of a little maturity.

As much as I loved the farm animals, I got to the age where I was starting to rebel to have to lead his prize show calves around the judging ring at the County Fair.

But I still remember how worried I was when our Dad finished taking care of and feeding his animals at the Fair, then couldn't find Hiram to go home. It was after dark and he needed to get home for other chores, so we left without Hiram. I was certainly relieved when I found out the next morning that Hiram finally arrived home.

Then there was the time when he took Hiram and me when we were about six and eight to Lehi with plans that we would stay a week with Cora until he needed to come back. About the second or third day I was crying so much because I was homesick that Cora had to call home to see what to do with me. My Dad said, "Tell Hiram to play with her more and I'll be down in a couple of days." Hiram wasn't sure he liked that advice too well, he was having fun with Victor.

We were both humiliated and disgusted when our Dad came out of the old Daniel Ward after church and as we sat in the car across the road waiting for him, he walked a

little ways down the road, was offered a ride and climbed in with someone else and rode home! There were Hiram, Glenn, Leah and myself, and we had to walk the mile home to report to Mother what had happened.

By the way, if you remember the strong guy wires anchored out from the eaves of the old church house into the ground to steady and support the aging wood structure in the high winds, our Dad was responsible for that bright idea when he was bishop.

Hiram and I both remember when he had to come up in the orchard and get after us for not getting the apples picked like he had told us to do. He must have broken the little dry stick that he came with on Hiram because I don't remember him using it on me. My feelings were really wounded, though -- the one and only time I remember being really chastised by him. We were supposed to be getting apples picked because Clarence, our oldest half brother, was coming to get some. When Clarence arrived he picked over and sorted out the best ones to take and left without hardly recognizing us. Hiram and I didn't think he should have done that.

And we children didn't relish the idea of getting turkeys ready for Thanksgiving when each day for about a week or ten days before Thanksgiving he would tell us that he would have the turkeys ready to pick feathers when we arrived home from school. We always did that chore on the south side of the barn where he would lean the poles out from the barn to hang the dead scalded turkeys on at just our level while we picked all the feathers off. They stunk!

I also still remember his exhorting me and coaching me to change from saying "Mama" to "Mother." He asked me if I didn't think she was a wonderful woman who should be called by a more respectable name.

As soon as Hiram and I were old enough, we took turns in riding the horse that would work on the south side of the barn to pull the Jackson fork loaded with hay off the hay wagon parked on the north side up onto a track along the inside peak of the barn to be released at a desired location. We both enjoyed riding the "hay horse," for that job was much better than "tromping hay" on the wagon as it was loaded in the fields on a hot summer day. But I still remember his voice as he called out with the signal to go ahead and pull up the hay.

Then there was the time when Hiram and I went up Daniels Canyon with him to get a load of wood for our winter's supply. Apparently he had the tent set up so he could come and go or stay overnight if necessary until he felt he had gathered enough wagon loads. I can still visualize just where it was -- quite a ways down off the road between the willows by the stream and the gentle rise of a hill.

When he got ready to leave I don't remember if we asked him or if he asked us if we wanted to stay until he came back in the morning. We were excited about staying and did so. We entertained ourselves by whittling on wood to make bows and arrows and playing on the side of the hill until dark. I remember one of us asking the other if we were afraid of bears, and surprisingly I don't remember being that nervous about it.

Can you imagine our mother's thoughts and words when he returned home and informed her he had left their seven-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son alone in the canyon? I imagine she hurried him on his way the next morning and I have to admit that I was happy when I saw him coming.

At a young age I remember him and mother getting into a little argument and disagreement over a problem with Vernon, the only time I ever heard any words at all

between them. Leah and I were in our nightgowns ready for bed, sitting getting warm by the old heating stove in the dining room. Mother told us to go to bed. We went upstairs so sad, climbed in bed and cried because we thought for sure they were going to get a divorce.

The memories of our first bicycle come back quite vividly. Our dad had given us a calf to tend and call our own. When the time came to sell it he said we could go to Provo and buy a bicycle with the money.

The day finally came when we piled in the old car and headed for Provo with \$15 to shop for our new bike. The store we went to on University Avenue between First and Second North had quite a few bicycles and made the choice more time-consuming. But we finally decided a boy's model would be more practical, purchased it and headed for home. Of course each one was eager for their turn, but I wasn't quite big enough to ride it the usual way, so I had to put one leg through the bars, balance myself and learn to ride it that way until my legs were long enough to straddle the bar.

He always showed so much compassion and concern for ward members. Mother jokingly said he worried more about them than his own family. When Celia McGuire was having problems with a pregnancy, he gave her a blessing as her bishop that she would get along fine and everything would be okay. Mother was pregnant at the same time (probably with me because Pat McGuire and I are the same age) and she said that he worried more about Sister McGuire until she had her baby than he did about her.

Being a bishop had its downs for him also at times. He came home really low one time and I can still hear mother chuckling as she quoted what he had said: "A bishop is just a pissin' post for everybody!"

One time he had collected \$50 in tithing money and put it in one of mother's fancy teapots for safe-keeping until he would be going to the ward house. He then forgot just where he put it when he went to get it. When he couldn't find it he felt so sick to his stomach he told mother to make a cup of tea for him. I doubt that she rarely used that beautiful little teapot, but she did on that day and there was the money! Thereafter it was known as the \$50 teapot.

I will always remember him as being such a kind, patient, caring, hard-working, ambitious, compassionate, honest man. Loving his family, the gospel and his church service were most important in his life. Although he used to tease mother and tell her that if the house ever caught on fire to get the metal box that contained the registration papers on his prize Jersey dairy cows out first, then worry about the children.

He always portrayed a jolly, happy man although suffering through many hardships and losing loved ones. His mother died when he was 16. He and his first wife lost three children: Paul at age 14 and Lillie and Faye as infants.

His first wife was sick with heart problems for some time before her death and left him with three unmarried children -- Walter, Cora and Clifford. Clarence and Giles were married.

After several slight strokes he had the last debilitating one the latter part of June, 1937, which paralyzed his throat and his side. He lasted for about 10 days, then passed away on July 2, 1937 around 5 p.m. at age 70 years 9 months.

I remember the last time I saw him alive. I had been staying over in Heber at Kenneth's and Theora's for a few days and came home. I went to the bedroom door to look in, hesitating to go in the room. He must have sensed my presence or heard me and could turn his head enough to look back up over his shoulder to see me. It gave me a funny

feeling and I ducked back out of sight. I wished as I got older and matured that I would have gone in and taken his hand, held it a while and kissed him. He passed away about the next day, leaving mother widowed for a second time, this time after 21 years of marriage and five children still at home.

What a loss to our family -- but what wonderful memories we have of him.

The Christmas I Remember Best

By Barbara McDonald Moulton

My memories of experiences with my father are very limited, since he died when I was young, so I always recall the few Christmases spent with him as some of my choicest memories.

Now he was what you could rate a first-class substitute for Santa. He was stocky-built with a round tummy that really could shake like a bowl full of jelly and as far as being jolly, he could put Santa to shame any day.

It was a Christmas tradition at our house that after he had started the fires in the old coal heaters in the dining room and in the parlor (where the tree stood in the center of the room, nearly touching the high ceiling), he would throw open the door at the bottom of the stair steps and joyfully call out, "CHRISTMAS GIFT!"

You can be sure that after a sleepless night of eagerness and anxiety, all of us jumped out of bed and down those steep steps faster than any other time of year.

This particular Christmas morning as we entered the parlor to find out stockings brimming full with an orange, apple, banana, nuts and candy, we observed further evidences of Santa having been there. There was a tipped-over rocking chair in the corner by the door leading out onto the porch, the door was left a little ajar, and of course my father had a logical explanation.

"Well -- look here, one of you children must have made a noise that startled Santa and he left in such a hurry that he tipped the chair over and left the door open in his rush to his sleigh -- and what's this?" As we looked on the floor by the rocker, there we found a few peanuts. "Why, Santa must have a hole in his bag!"

Out on the porch were a few more peanuts and much to the delight of all of us, we found a trail of nuts here and there clear down our long, tree-lined path to the front gate and right to where (according to explanation) "Santa got in his sleigh right here."

My father surely made believers out of all us younger children and some of the "older doubters" for certain that year.

These two short histories repeat some of the information already given in the previous histories and memories, but they also have some interesting incidents and facts not in the other histories.

Joseph C McDonald

(Written by Barbara McDonald Moulton for the Daniel Ward Centennial, November, 1998)

Joseph "C" McDonald was born in Heber City, Utah on Oct. 8, 1866 to Joseph Smith McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald. He was their oldest son and the second child of seven.

Joseph's youngest brother, Isaac, who was 13 years younger and learning to talk, tried to say "brother" and it came out sounding like "buzzy." From this time on he was frequently and fondly called by this nickname by people in the valley.

Joseph lived in Heber City through his growing-up years until his marriage to Mary Elizabeth Giles on Feb. 22, 1886. To this union eight children were born with two of them dying as babies and one at 14. The five who grew to adulthood were Clarence, Giles, Cora (Wathen), Walter and Clifford.

Joseph and Mary Elizabeth moved to Daniel in February 1899 after his father had deeded 21 acres of ground to them in December 1897. They built the brick home in 1900 which still stands at 2491 South Daniels Road. More acreage was purchased in later years and Joseph lived in this home until his death. The large log barn that was on the property until it partially burned was moved from their property in Heber City. Facilities for dairy cattle were added on after it was in place.

Mary Elizabeth passed away Feb. 25, 1912, leaving Joseph a widower until Jan. 16. In 1916 he married Minnie Sonderegger Witt, a widow with two small sons, Melvin and Kenneth Witt, and with Cora, Walter and Clifford still at home.

Joseph and Minnie became the parents of six children: Eugena (Evans Carlen), Vernon J. (Louise Heaton), Leah (Earl Houtz), Hiram S. (Anne Rasband), Barbara (John Melvin Moulton) and Glenn A. (Carol Hertell).

Joseph was a jolly, good-natured and patient man who loved to delight others with his own brand of service projects. For instance, he loved to deliver Minnie's big freezers full of wonderful homemade ice cream around the Daniel Ward by sleigh on Washington's birthday. He was always helping those in need and the less fortunate and Minnie never knew when he was going to bring a hitchhiker home for a meal and a bed for the night.

He loved the gospel and giving church service, which included 14 years as Sunday School superintendent, 13 years from May 10, 1903 when the Buysville and Daniel Wards were joined together as the Daniel Ward (named after Daniel H. Wells) to July 1916 as a counselor to Bishop Patrick McGuire. On July 30, 1916 he was named bishop of the Daniel Ward where he served for 13 more years until 1929, promoting many worthwhile projects of both spiritual and civic worth. He was one of the main promoters in getting the monument and road on Memorial Hill to honor all war veterans.

Joseph passed away July 2, 1937 at age 70 years nine months after a 10-day illness from a stroke. He left a legacy of many wonderful traits and characteristics that his descendants could do well to follow and emulate.

A HISTORY OF JOSEPH C. MC DONALD

Given at a McDonald Reunion

Joseph C. McDonald, dairyman, farmer and bishop of Daniel Ward for 15 years, was a lifelong resident of Wasatch County except for short periods of time when he lived in Park City and worked in the mines there.

He was born in Heber Oct. 8, 1866, the first son and second child of Joseph S. McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald. He spent his early childhood in Heber and later moved to Daniel, Wasatch County, with his parents when they homesteaded a section of land (620 acres). Joseph attended school for four years, but left school at the age of about 12 to drive oxen and later horses to haul timber out of Daniel Canyon.

He married Mary Elizabeth Giles Feb. 22, 1885, at the age of 19. She was the daughter of George Thomas and Sarah Daybell Giles.

Joseph and Mary Elizabeth were the parents of eight children. They were George Clarence, born Dec. 18, 1887; Giles, born April 15, 1891; Fay, May 7, 1894; Paul, Aug. 10, 1895; Cora, July 20, 1897; Walter, Jan. 29, 1901; Lilly, Jan. 1, 1903; and Clifford, April 3, 1904.

They lived part of their early married life in Park City where Joseph worked in the mines. But because of Mary Elizabeth's heart condition they moved back to Heber City to a lower altitude.

Joseph and Mary Elizabeth received their endowments in the Salt Lake Temple in 1893 and were sealed to each other. Their children were sealed to them the same day.

Joseph's father gave each of his sons 30 acres of ground. Joseph built a brick house on his portion and planted an apple orchard. He turned to farming, raising stock and dairying, and returned to Park City a few times to work in the mines.

He slaughtered his own meat and hauled it to Park City where he sold it to various butcher shops. He also raised garden produce to sell at Heber stores and, during the winter months, baled hay.

Joseph and Mary Elizabeth led an active community life. Mary Elizabeth was president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for some time. Joseph was superintendent of the Sunday School for 12 years, taught the parent's class in Sunday School for a time, served 13 years as a counselor in the bishopric and then served as Daniel Ward bishop for 13 years.

Mary Elizabeth died at the age of 45 on Feb. 25, 1912. She suffered from a heart condition most of her life and was prevented by it from doing many of the things she longed to do.

Their only daughter Cora, who was then 15 years old, carried on in her mother's place in caring for her father and four brothers. Clifford, the youngest child, was only eight years old.

Joseph married Minnie Sonderegger Witt Jan. 26, 1916. She was the widow of James Witt and the mother of two sons, Melvin and Kenneth Witt.

Joseph was ordained bishop of Daniel Ward that same year on July 30, 1916.

Correction: Records show that Joseph served 13 years as counselor in the bishopric and 13 years as bishop.

Will Bell served as his first counselor and Joe Orgill was second counselor.

Joseph and Minnie were the parents of six children. They were Eugena, born Feb. 10, 1917; Vernon J., born Nov. 8, 1919; Leah, Oct. 28, 1921; Hiram Smith, Jan. 27, 1925; Barbara, Dec. 15, 1926, and Glenn Alvin, Feb. 29, 1932.

Joseph went into the dairy business in the spring of 1916, buying several head of registered Jersey cows. He took great pride in his cows and always could be found at fair time at the Wasatch County Fairgrounds showing his livestock. He also started a milk route which he operated for many years, delivering first by buggy and later by car to stores and customers in Heber.

Joseph had a jolly nature. He trained himself never to get angry at anyone or anything. He hated for anyone to hold feelings against him, and governed his life by the standard church works.

The stories about Joseph are legion. Right after he and Mary Elizabeth were married he was supposed to whitewash the house. When Mary Elizabeth went outside to see how he was coming, she found him making a kite. It made her so angry she tore it up. That made Joseph angry, so he went into the house and uprooted all her geraniums.

Joseph died July 2, 1937, at the age of 70 after suffering a cerebral hemorrhage.

Patriarchal Blessing

For easier reading we have typed a copy of the original patriarchal blessing of Joseph C. McDonald.

Heber City, Feb. 7, 1895

A blessing given by John Duke, Patriarch, on the head of Joseph C. McDonald, son of Joseph S. and Nancy McDonald, born Oct. 8, 1867 (1866, according to records) at Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah, USA.

Brother Joseph,

According to your request I place my hands upon your head and in the name of Jesus Christ I pronounce and seal upon thee a blessing, which shall be a comfort and a guide while you are sojourning upon earth. Thou art of the seed of Ephraim through the loins of Joseph, which you are a lawful heir and all the blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant.

The Lord is well pleased with your integrity; he has a great work for you to do here upon the earth among this people. You shall be a wise councilor; your council shall be filled with wisdom. And your instructions to the people shall be prompted by the spirit of the Lord. Your guardian angel shall always be with thee to shield and protect you from the evils that are going abroad amongst the children of men. Your days shall be long in the land; your children shall rise up in your old age and call thee blessed for the good deeds you shall perform amongst this people.

Therefore, be prudent and seek the mind and will of the Lord, and much wisdom shall be given unto you. You shall live to finish the measure of your creation upon the earth. Your name shall be handed down in honorable remembrance. You shall take much pleasure in administering to the wants of the poor and the fatherless and widow. You shall be instrumental in spreading the gospel wherever your lot may be cast. Therefore, put your trust in the Lord and he will always be with thee. You shall have the blessings of the heavens and the blessings of the earth. Your labors shall be prospered in whatsoever you shall lay your hands to do. You shall have wisdom and intelligence given unto you.

Therefore, be prudent in seeking to know the mind and will of the Lord continually. Your council and instructions shall be beneficial to this people, they shall appreciate you as a servant of the Lord.

I seal these blessings upon thy head; they shall be made sure unto thee according to your faithfulness in keeping the holy commandments. I seal thee up to eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection. Even so, amen.

Patriarchal blessing of Joseph C. McDonald, recorded in Book A, Page 27

No. 657

SERIES B

Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby, certify that, on the 30th day of July A.D. 1916

Joseph C. McDonald was duly chosen, and appointed Bishop of the Daniel ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the County of Kane and State of Utah. Said Joseph C. McDonald was ordained and set apart by George Albert Smith in conformity with the rites, regulations, and discipline of said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 22nd day of August A.D. 1916

Joseph F. Smith

Anthony H. Lund

Charles H. Pearce

Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints